Mirandy on the New Incentive to Matrimony-By Dorothy Dix

Y daughter Ma'y Jane," re-marked Mirandy, "sho'ly am a gal what is smart an' has rot sense wid hit. Yassum, dat gal sho'ly im foxy beyond her years, an' widout wishin' to fling no bouquets at myself, I bet I can guess which one of her parients the took after.
"Yassum, Ma'y Jane suttinly is cut

her wisdom teeth in de cradle, for de odder day she up an' says to me:

"Maw," says she, 'I ain't one of dese heah lady doubting Thomases, for hit is my opinion dat woman's greatest charm is for her to be of such a trustin' an' confidin' nature dat she can believe anythin' dat a man tells her even if she knows hit ain't true. Oh,' says Ma'y Jane, a-rollin' her eyes up at de cellin', beautiful is faith in woman!"

Then the Men Swarm.

"'Dat's right, daughter,' 'spons I, 'de mo' dat a woman sets wid her mouf open lak a fly trap, ready to swallow anythin when a man is a-talkin' to her, de mo' dat men swarms around her.'

'No,' goes on Ma'y Jane, 'I ain't one of dem women what is filled wid dark has made hit my business to be one of bands from her."



"De matermonial situation is jubious when men is a-castin' around for Wives dat can live on water instead of three square meals a day."

dem clingin' vines what hangs on to de "'But,' says Ma'y Jane, 'whilst I is matermonial state?'
strong an' noble cak, an'— of a believin' nature, dere is one thing "'Well,' says Ma'

de papers may dat all of dese ladies is des been snowed under wid letters from men askin' dele hands in marriage. Now, I sin't a-wishin' to cast any asparagus on de motives of dem but de matermontal situation looks mighty jubious to me when men is a-castin' around for wives dat can live on a few sips of water instead of havin' to have three square meals a Her Recommendation.

"'My land!' 'sclaims I 'What'll dey be wantin' next?" "'Goodness knows,' says Ma'y Jane,

but I 'specs to hear befo' long dat when you recommends a gal to a young man you'll say dat she's pretty, an' smart, an' neat, an' industrious, an' don't eat but one straw a day."

" 'Men sho'ly is done lost deir gallantry of deys done come to de place whar dey begrudges deir lady loves enough to eat,' spons I, 'an' when dey commences to make a break for de women wid fastin' altar,

"'Dat's right,' says Ma'y Jane, 'an' suspicious of men. On de odder hand, I vorsch court to remove dat many hus- ried to him. But what makes you take no man who thinks dat a few sips of L. 'Any woman dat's a good hanger-on an' filed me wid dark fo'bodence. heah young ladies in different parts of costs, an' who is a-wishin' all de time chicken dinner, he or one, an' cats de mos' of dat.'

"Sho,' 'spons I, 'hit's time enough to de country what has been a-fastin' for dat he had married a wife what was or one, an' cats de mos' of dat.'

"Things sho'ly do look discouragin' good appetite is liable to have hit flung somethin' good to eat."



records, hits' time to fight shy of de "When de time comes dat I'se got to chose between a husband an' a beefsteak, I'se gwine to take de beefsteak."

desc head billous prognostications of de cold water is a elegant dinner for a wife you marries a man you take notice of materinonial state?

"Well,' says May Jane, Tve been a want no husband dat's gwine to figger his pocket or fastened up tight in a puss.

"Befo' for a gal who would lak to marry,' goes a beefsteak an' a husband, I'se gwine to take de beefsteak becaze hit'll stand to take de beefsteak an' a beef Dat's de true word, daughter, says dat has kind of shook my faith in man, readin' in de papers about all of desc out how much ev'y po'k chop I eat an' wheeder, when he sets you up to a complainin' about a wife's extravagance out how much ev'y po'k chop I eat an' wheeder, when he sets you up to a complainin' about a wife's extravagance out how much ev'y po'k chop I eat an' wheeder, when he sets you up to a complainin' about a wife's extravagance out how much ev'y po'k chop I eat an' wheeder, when he sets you up to a complainin' about a wife's extravagance out how much ev'y time she gits a new frock. An' now water an' fastin' love for mine. I water an' fastin' love for mine.

LAZINESS

"'Dem are true words,' says I. 'Befo', for a gat who would lak to marry,' goes

By HANK.

iddle of vot you call nerve, aind id?"

cranky that evening, so he did not di-

"Id vass a very strange adventure in

ened down as tight as could be.

The Pilot amiled silently.

to death myself."

age. Instead he said:

A Strange Adventure.

ot frightened."

from der vater!"

over New York in an airship,"

eats dan some odder lady what can make a hearty meal off of a glass of hot

"Things Look Discouraging."

"'Men don't know hit,' 'spons I, 'but de ideal wife is a lady what has feathers on her an' holds de hunger belt cham-

"'Well,' says Ma'y Jane, 'I's always had my suspicions dat de reason dat men made out lak dat de only women dat dey admired was dese heah livin' skeleton ladies was becaze dey wanted to economize on candy an' buyin' dem dinners when dey took 'em out, an' derefore de fact dat men is failin' over demselfs to try to marry dese women what's done showed dat dey could go widout eatin' for twenty days don't surprise me none. "'Well,' 'spons I, 'dere's one good thing about hit, an' dat is dat hit'll promote matermony, for when women get so dat dey can live on water most any man can afford to get married."

'Huh,' 'sclaims Ma'y Jane, 'dat's a mighty thin diet dat won't make no hit wid many women. When de time comes dat I's got to choose between

The Pretty Cook's Way

Her Slang Sends the Grocery Boy Scurrying

By KENNETT HARRIS.

TOW'S Little Sunshine this not the O kind." cery boy, solicitously, as at the pretty cook.

kitchen in a million years, would you?' returned the pretty cook, acidly. "Oh, I don't know," replied the gro There's no teiling what

"That's so, too," admitted the pretty cook. "They train pigs, don't they?"
"I couldn't say as to that," said the

I CANT STAND

COMBINATION

That combination of milkman and

cross-eyed was too much for the

"Then you can bring me a couple of

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

I am a young man twenty-one

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

She Gives Her Order.

pounds of butter."

cook. "The butter you spell with a B

"I see," said the grocery boy, "Mrs. morning?" inquired the gro-Burchis, who keeps the boarding house laid his basket on the table and smiled at No. 1723, she says to me, 'I want some cooking butter,' she says, 'and some eating butter, and then I wan "I don't suppose you'd learn to wipe your feet when you come into a clean some for the boarders' table." "I s'pose you expect me to believe

that," said the pretty cook. "No, I don't," returned the grocery boy. "The more a man tells the truth, the less he's believed."

Objecting to His Looks.

"I wish I knew which way to take that," said the grocery boy. "It doesn't make much difference, though. If I was only cross-eyed and sold that white, wet stuff they get past the inspector for milk, I'd be all right. I wouldn't mind him being a milkman if he wasn't cross-eyed, and I could stand for him being cross eved if he wasn't a milkman; but, on the level, the combination's too hard for me Eveling. Say, if ever you change your mind, I've an attractive proposition for

"Say, did you come here to take orders, or what?" demanded t e pretty

"I'll always take orders from you, Evelina, milkman or no milkman. Now, what do you say to a few gallons of nice New Orleans molasses, or a can or two of baked beans, the greatest labor-saving device of the century? Our Imported sardines are right fresh from the custom house, and we've a nice line of clothespins. Do you know what the girl next loor sava about you?"

No; what?" asked the pretty cool

"I couldn't say," replied the grocery boy. "Even if I wasn't in honor bound not to tell you, I couldn't, because I don't know. I often think what blessing it is that we don't know what people say about us unless one of our close friends puts us wise because he grocery clerk.

grocery boy. "All the pigs' feet I ever seen looked clean when they took 'em out of the barrel, but I don't believe they done it themselves. That reminds me of what my mother used to tell my oldes; alster. She was going with a feller that was a cooper by trade, my sister was, and the old lady wouldn't fall for it. "Any trade but a cooper." says my mother. 'A cooper is always a whooping it up. says she."
"In ever heard that; "said the pretty cook. "Twe heard that painters was that "Well. I don't want to himks we really ought to know. I had a friend once who used to do that right along. Especially if he got mad at me about anything he'd say, 'Billy, I hate to hurt your feelings, but a guy told me to-day that he thought you was the limit."

She Sends Him On His Way.

"In what way?" says I.
"In the way of being a blamed fool that thinks he knows it all, says he.
"Who was it?" says I.
"Well. I don't want to wouldn't says he."
"Who was it?" says I.

"The were heard that," said the pretty cook. The heard that painters was that way, and some of these fresh fellows that works in gronery stores. Did your sister marry the cooper?"

"No," answered the grocery boy, "She would have, but he kept a-staving it off what do I get down on the list to-day?"

Well, I don't want to mention no names and make trouble, says he, but it was a feller that's had lots of chances of sizing you up, and he's a man of good judgment that ain't often wrong, he says. names and make trouble,' says he, 'but ling. it was a feller that's had lots of

man of good judgment that ain't often wrong, he says. "Well, I let it go at that, but he got more and more confidential about the "Put down to wipe your feet the next time you come in," said the pretty cook. I was obliged to hit him a wallop that broke up our friendship. That's one reason why I wouldn't tell you what fit to vote, that she is too frivolous, or "Eating or cooking?" inquired the "I see." said the pretty cook. "Well, now, I'd like you to get me the butter and cheese it." too helpless, or that her mind could not onceive the importance of owning a vote.

with a young lady three years my junior The young lady is now keeping company, but I have great reason to believe that I could win her for my-self.

self.

Now what I would like to know,
Miss Fairfax, is whether it would be
honorable to ask her to give up the
other fellow for me.

I would not consider such a course were I not certain that my prospects are infinitely better than the other fellow's. I might also add that the young lady cares for me.

In closing I would like to ask whether you think a young lady can be true after she has given up the first man.

F the girl is not engaged of course

NOT A DOUBT ABOUT THAT.

you are at liberty to try to win her.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Reasons Why Women Should Vote—By Beatrice Fairfax



Some Kinds of Womanly Foolishness. Which, according to Life, should keep the ballot from The reasons given by Life are:

No. 1—Using of anti-fat. No. 2—Wearing of beauty masks. No. 3—Using dangerous hat pins. No. 4—Wearing high heels. No. 5-Having dead birds on her hat. No. 6-Dodging her maternal obligations. No. 7-Having dresses that button in the back. No. 8-Tight lac-No. 9-Wearing false hair. No. 10-An Inborn love of adornment. MEN certainly are queer, inconsistent creatures. They will sol-

FLIRTING GRAFTING. DRUNKENESS CIGARETTE SMOKING .

ballot away from man?

sults modest, self-respecting girls, has the managing of the State and country.

The gambler and the cigarette flend country?

Solve This at Home

The grafter has a vote, and so has est, hard-working women, why have not

gentlemen.

vot you tink?" sailing very fast. Vell, in der morning ve vass aboud 100 foot up, sailing offer big steamships mit der passengers all looking up at us as if dey hat seen a If the various kinds of womanly foolish- ghost. ness should keep the ballot from women, The Mystery Solved. the Pilot, who had become mildly in-terested in spite of himself. should not the above kinds of manly fool-

ishness and manly crime serve to take the "dot der vedder vass so hot dot der "Hoo-oo!" blew the Fog Horn.

Up-lo-the-Minute Jokes

the man who spends all he earns on they the right to have some voice in ple while you were traveling around the asked her to marry him yet." the managing of their city, State and world?"

"Yes," replied the candid man. "I strongly suspect that some of those for- the Appendix?" asked the enemy of the All these noble specimens are among lose one atom of her feministry, nor will eign people looked as queer to me as I political boss.

> was attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was." "What do you mean?"

"Look here, the grass is all covered thing to say why I shouldn't soak y' th'

with perspiration." "Have a drink, old man?"

"Aw, be sociable." "Well, my companion here will take a drink with you. He's my social secrefit of a starving family. tary."

to a fellow passenger of a liner. mens of manhood had. That's a nice "Well," said the stranger moving across the deck, "you will never be troubled with Never mind, sisters, the day will come crowds while you smoke cigars of that and then we'll show the men that we brand."

> Enraged Creditor-I've had enough of mounting all these stairs every day to collect this bill. Debtor-Well, I can tell you a piece of

news that will please you. After to-morrow I'm going to live in the basement. Painter's Wife-That's a view of the

Alps. Glorious, isn't it? Uncle from Somerset-Well, if it wuzn't for all them mountains I might be able to see summat!

coal got hot too. You know dot gas iss made oud of coal?" HAT was a wonderful stunt that "I have heard so," said the Pilot. guy did the other day flying

Fog Horn Tales

Captain Pinochle's Nautical Airship

"Vell," explained the Captain, "der overheated coal kept making gas until said the Pilot to Captain Pinochle in the said the Pilot to Captain Pinochle in the der ship vass lifted high in der air. Ven Lighthouse. "I would have been scared ve found ve vass going very high, Hans, "I suppose you would," replied the dot bright boy, vould open van of der "I suppose you would," replied the hatches und let out a liddle gas. Zen Captain, scornfully, "pliots haff very ve vould drop down a liddle, und so ve The Pilot laughed good-naturedly. He salled for a tousand miles to Liverpool." calized that Captain Pinochle was asked the Pilot,

"'Vy der people vot ordered der coal rectly answer the reflection on his cour- vass mad cause all der coal vass turned into gas," said the Captain; "but der



"Id vass true," exclaimed Captain "Der passengers all looked up at us as if dey hat seen a ghost."

gas company come to me und offered to buy der gas at a big price. Dev ran a pipe into der hold and took all de gas oud. Und dot's all. Vot you tink of dot story, hey?"

"What made the ship rise?" asked "I think," said the Pilot slowly and deliberately, "that is the biggest hot-air

"Any special reasons for wanting me

Western Judge-Hoss thief, you're

found guilty by th' jury. Have y' any-

Prisoner-Well, Judge, it wasn't your

Hoax-I attended an amateur theatri-

cal entertainment last night for the bene-

Joax-Was the starving family bens

Hoax-Well, they didn't have to be

"Well, it's a useless organ."

limit?

horse I stole.

fited very much?

"I suppose you saw many strange peo- four years now, and her boss hasn't

"Why don't you call your newspaper

All these noble specimens are among lose one atom of her reducing the specimens are among lose one atom of her reducing the specimens are among lose one atom of her reducing the specimens are among lose one atom of her reducing the specimens. The eye of a little Washington miss to do so?"

"No; I've cut it out."

"I enjoy a quiet smoke," said a man

"I don't believe there's anything in

what the joke papers say." "What's the matter?" "My daughter has been a stenographer Your Freckles Face Will Stay Covered.

Need Attention in the Spring or

Offine - double atrength, is sold under guarantee, at any of the Riker's atores in New York, Brook-lyn, Newark and Mt. Vernou.

AN SHINGTH WE BOX

VILEGEOTOLE.

Better

than ever.

AND SHOP OF SHIP

If by any chance she is engaged to the friends. Gradually they all dropped off, other man you have no right to make and ther we engaged a good cook."

Sutton: "I can't spare the money very well, but I'll lend it to you if you promise not to keep it too long."

Gayeboy: "I'll undertake to spend every penny of it before to-morrow morn
"Indeed! What nice things you men any line."

"Indeed! What nice things you men to the same ining."

Lionel (anxious to depreciate his rival):

"Of course, you don't believe he meant it?"

Lionel: "You are charming to-night."

"But most men have a vote," I ven ured timidly. "That's quite different," he answered "Men ought to have some

whiskey.

also have votes.

grandly. coice in the managing of the state and country." Then I thought of some of the men

Their pet reason is that she would

"How can you expect a person who

cars heels three inches high, a hat

sin a foot long and corsets so long she

can't sit down in them, to use sense

and discretion in voting," said a man

eglect her maternal duties.

to me the other day,

The loafer, who allows his wife to end over the washtub carning the money to support the family, while ne smokes and talks, has a vote, but the wage earner has not.

The empty-headed masher, who in

THIS hustling traveler has just of METHOD IN HIS MADNESS. As to whether she will be true to you after having given up the other man that is a risk you must be willing to take, as you are urging her to give up the first man.

If by any chance she is engaged to the

HISTRIONIC.

Wife—Dear, it isn't possible that you are intoxicated. But you look it.
Hubby—M' dear, you cert'nly compilment my powersh of actin'.

ON TOUR. Star-Is the house full to-night? Local Manager-Nope. This town imp'rance,

NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Customer-I want to buy one of those

inbreakable incandescent mantles you

know how to use a vote quite as well as they do, and perhaps a little bit better.

And how about the thousands of earn

In the first place, woman will not

does not expect to camp out at the polls,

Is not a whiskey bottle more demoral-

izing than a high heel or a big hat, or

Of course the day will come when

coman will vote, whether man wants

During the shirt waist strike I stood

walling to cross the road. A number of

ne strikers were murching to the City

Hall to intercede with the Mayor. Decent,

modest, well-behaved girls they were,

but every loafer along the street saw fit

to insult them and jeer at them. Those girls had no vote, but the lowly speci-

state of affairs, isn't it?

her to or not, but in the meantime she

even than a little bit of false hair?

has to suffer a good many rebuffs.

Jack-Oh, yes. Tom-How do you know? Jack-When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to borrow some from her father.

have advertised.

Assistant—I'm very sorry, sir, but we accidentally got our whole stock smashed this afternoon.

POSITIVE EVIDENCE. Tom-Are you quite sure she loves you?